Or any one of you, chop off your hand
And send it to the King, he for the same,
will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the raunsome for their fault.
Titus. Oh gratious Emperour, Oh gentle *Aron*,
Did euer Rauen sing so like a Larke,
That giues sweete tidings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my hart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou helpe to chop it off?
Lucius. Stay father, for that Noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my bloud than you,
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.
Marcus, which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reard aloft the bloudie Battleaxe,
wrighting destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both, but are of high desert:
My hand hath beene but idle, let it serue
To raunsome my two Nephews from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthie ende.
Moore. Nay come agree whose hand shall goe along,
For feare they die before their pardon come.
Marcus. My hand shall goe.
Lucius. By heauen it shall not goe.
Titus. Sirs striue no more, such withred herbs as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.
Lucius. Sweete father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.
Marcus. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me show a brothers loue to thee.
Titus. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.
Lucius. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.
Marcus. But I will vse the Axe. *Exeunt.*
Titus. Come hither *Aron*, Ile deceiue them both,

Lend

Lend me thy hand, and
Moore. If that be cal
And neuer whilst I liue
But Ile deceiue you in
And that youle say ere

He cut

Enter Luci

Titus. Now stay your
Good *Aron* giue his M
tell him it was a hand t
From thousand danger
More hath it merited, t
As for my sonnes, say I
As iewels purchasde at
and yet deare too, beca
Aron. I goe *Andron*
Looke by and by to ha
their heads I meane: C
Doth fat me with the v
Let fooles doe good, an
Aron will haue his soul
Titus. Oh here I lift
And bow this feeble ruin
If any power pitties wr
To that I call: what w
Doe then deare hart, fo
Or with our sighs wele
And staine the sunne wit
When they doe hug hi
Marcus. Oh Brother
And doe not breake into
Titus. Is not my sorro